

MASTER OF
KUNG FU

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



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©

THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI,

MASTER OF KUNG FUTM

NOW IN HIS
OWN MAG!

THEY CALL HIM
BLACKJACK!
THE MAN NOT EVEN
KUNG FU CAN SMASH!!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: MASTER OF KUNG FU!™

STEVE ENGLEHART
BREATH

JIM STARLIN
MOVEMENT

AL MILGROM
FORM

TOM ORZECZOWSKI, LETTERER
GEORGE ROUSSOS, COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

FEATURING CHARACTERS CREATED BY SAX ROHMER

LAIR OF THE

LOST!

"THE MIND IS A PEARL, INSIDE AN OYSTER SHELL: THE SKULL."



"LIKE THE PEARL, THE MIND OCCUPIES BUT A SMALL PORTION OF THE SKULL'S VOLUME, YET IS THE MOST PRECIOUS PORTION..."



"STILL, NO MIND KNOWS EVERYTHING. IT IS POSSIBLE FOR ANY MIND TO BE SURPRISED--"

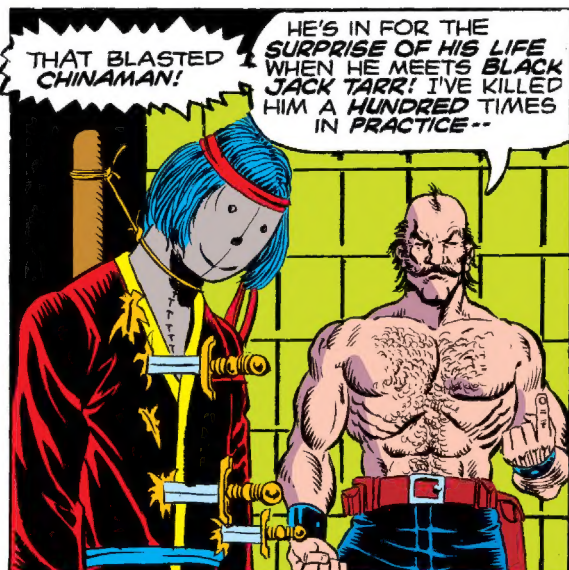
"--EVEN THAT OF A MASTER OF KUNG FU!"

AND INDEED, UNKNOWN TO SHANG-CHI, THE SON OF FU MANCHU, THERE ARE MANY EVENTS IN MOTION AT THIS VERY MOMENT--



-- WHICH WILL SURPRISE AND DAZZLE HIS MIND... PERHAPS EVEN UNTO DEATH!

LET YOUR MIND FOLLOW OUR LEAD...



"IN **MOST** CASES, IT IS THOSE WHO WISH TO SURPRISE ME WHO ARE **THEMSELVES** TAKEN UNAWARES!"



NOT ME, MAN!



FOR-GET IT!

"I FIGHT ONLY WHEN **ATTACKED**. THUS, I ALLOW HIM TO FLEE... THOUGH **NO** EXPERIENCE DO I 'FORGET'."

WHEN YOU **WROTE** ME, AS AN OLD MATE, SIR, TO TELL ME OF OLD PETRIE'S DEATH AT THE **YELLOW HANDS** OF THIS **SHANG-CHI**...

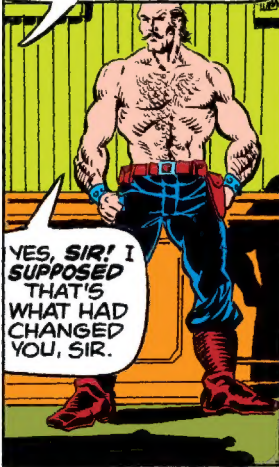


...WELL, I KNEW MY **MURDER MANSION**, AS I CALLS IT, WAS **JUST** WHAT WAS **NEEDED**! I'M PLEASED YOU SAW IT MY WAY, SIR.



IT IS ONLY **JUSTICE**, **BLACK JACK**.

FU MANCHU HAS CHANGED THE RULES, SENDING HIS SON TO **ASSASSINATE** A MAN THE FIEND HAD **SWORN** NOT TO HARM AGAIN!



YES, SIR! I **SUPPOSED** THAT'S WHAT HAD CHANGED YOU, SIR.

CHANGED ME? **HMM...**



YES, **BLACK JACK**, THAT'S WHAT CHANGED ME-- THAT **CONTEMPTIBLE MURDER**--

--AND **FU MANCHU'S** DESTRUCTION OF MY **LEGS**!

BUT **FU MANCHU** AND HIS SON SHALL **PAY** FOR THEIR **INFAMY**!!



AND **SHANG-CHI** SHALL **PAY** VERY **SOON**!

"THE SOUND OF MY ASSAILANT'S FLIGHT **FADES**. I TURN, TO RESUME MY **MEDITATION**--



"-- BUT MY ATTENTION IS **SNAGGED**."

"SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, FORMERLY OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE AND NOTED FOE OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME, HAS TAKEN UP RESIDENCE IN **RYE, NEW YORK**. IT WAS LEARNED TODAY. NAYLAND SMITH--



"NAYLAND SMITH. THE NAME CONJURES SENSATIONS OF A CLEAR-EYED, VIGOROUS **MAN**-- AND THE CRUEL **MURDER** I VISITED UPON HIS FRIEND, WHILE STILL BELIEVING MY FATHER'S **UNTRUTHS**."



"WE MET IN **ENGLAND**. NOW WE ARE BOTH IN **AMERICA**."

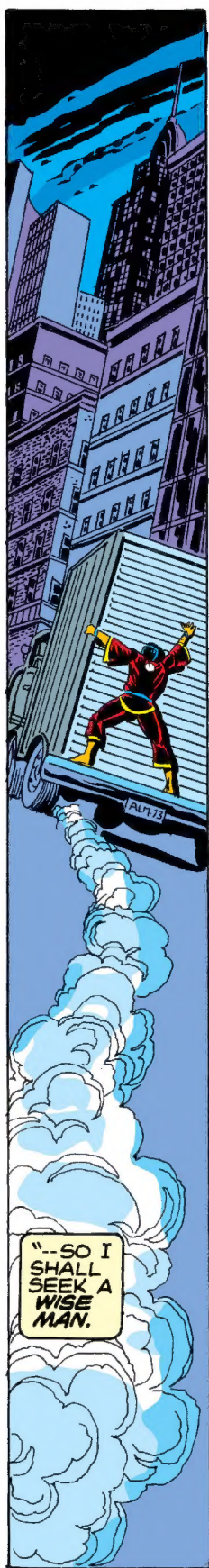


"I FEEL A NEED TO **EXPLAIN** MY ACT TO HIM, AND ASK IF **HE**, AS AN OFFICER OF **WESTERN LAW**, BELIEVES I SHOULD **SURRENDER** MYSELF."

"I BELIEVED IN **ANOTHER LAW** WHEN I **KILLED**-- THE LAW OF **FU MANCHU**. SHOULD WESTERN LAW **JUDGE** ME?"



"I DO NOT **KNOW** ENOUGH TO **DECIDE**--

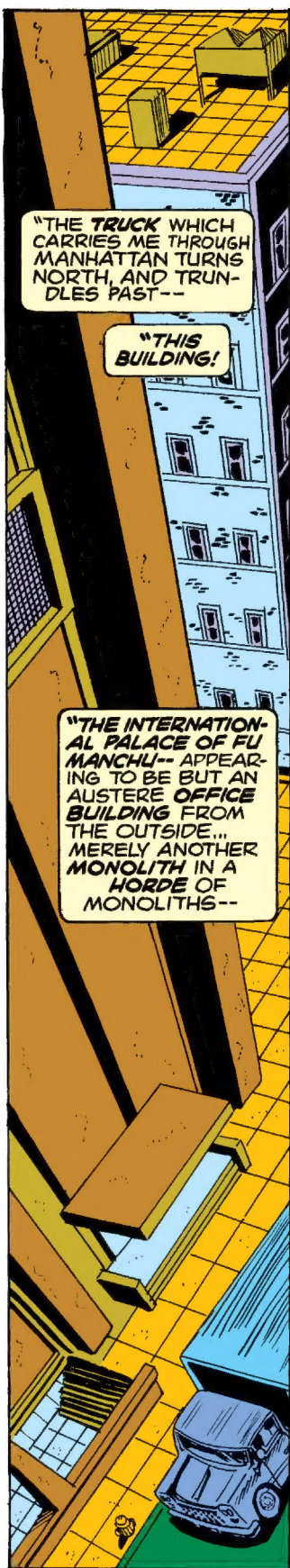


"--SO I SHALL **SEEK** A **WISE MAN**."

"THE **TRUCK** WHICH CARRIES ME THROUGH **MANHATTAN** TURNS **NORTH**, AND **TRUNDLES** PAST--

"**THIS BUILDING!**"

"THE **INTERNATIONAL PALACE OF FU MANCHU**-- APPEARING TO BE BUT AN **AUSTERE OFFICE BUILDING** FROM THE **OUTSIDE**-- MERELY ANOTHER **MONOLITH** IN A **HORDE OF MONOLITHS**--



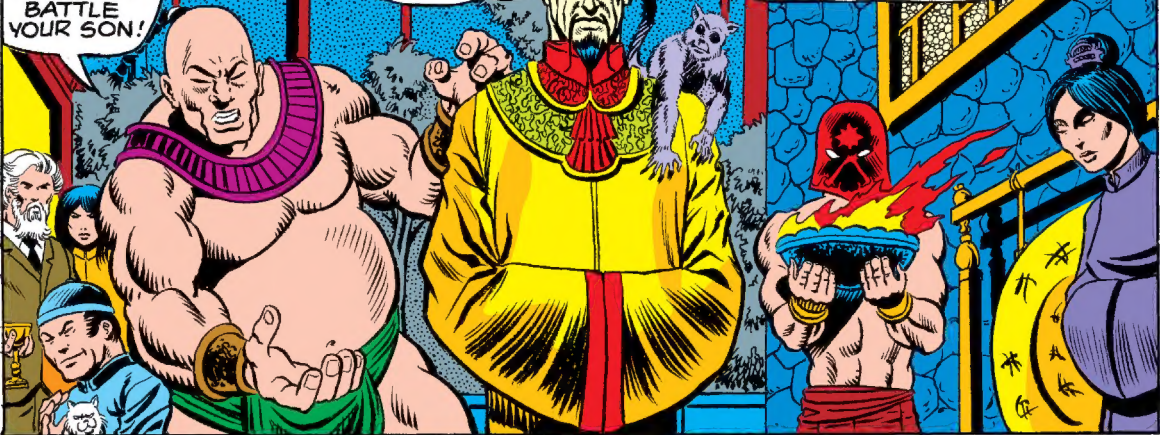
"--YET CONTAINING **WITHIN** ITS INSCRUTABLE WALLS A GREAT SECTION, CONSTRUCTED TO APPEAR TO BE **OLD CHINA...** THE CHINA INTO WHICH MY FATHER WAS **BORN**.

O'CELESTIAL ONE, I HAVE STUDIED! I AM ONCE AGAIN PREPARED TO BATTLE YOUR SON!

MASTER, LET ME--

SILENCE, TAK!

SHANG-CHI...
IS A LIVING WEAPON!
YOU ARE A WRESTLER.



DID HE NOT OVERCOME MIDNIGHT, WHO MATCHED HIS PROWESS IN THE MARTIAL ARTS?

HOWEVER, SHANG-CHI WAS RAISED ENTIRELY UNDER MY SUPERVISION, AT MY OTHER HOME IN HONAN--

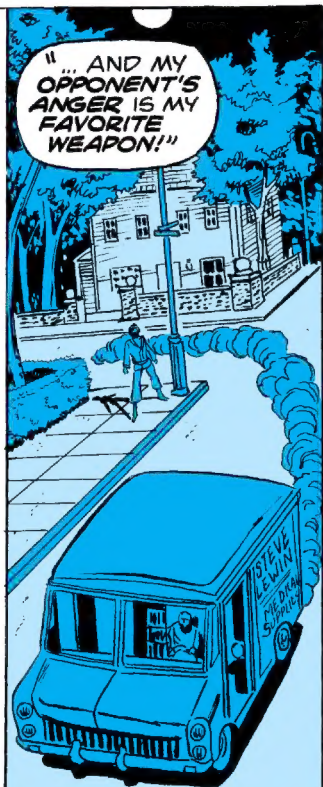
--AND THUS KNOWS LITTLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD OUTSIDE, INTO WHICH HE HAS EXILED HIMSELF.

HE KNOWS NOTHING OF SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH.

FOR SIXTY YEARS, SIR DENIS HAS BELIEVED HIMSELF A MAN WITH A MIS-SION: TO DESTROY ME.

YET I LIVE, AND I DO NOT AGE... WHILE HE SEES HIS SKIN SHRIVEL HIS LESS DRAG, HIS FRIENDS **DIE!**

"... AND MY OPPONENT'S ANGER IS MY FAVORITE WEAPON!"



"THE DRIVER IN RYE, NEW YORK, SEES ME AS I LEAVE HIS TRUCK, UNLIKE THE FIVE OTHERS WHOSE VEHICLES I SECRETLY BOARDED TO EVENTUALLY REACH THIS PLACE.

"BUT HE DOES NOT RAISE AN ALARM.

FRUSTRATION LEADS TO ANGER IN THE BRITISH, TAK...



"I AM CONFUSED. SINCE LEAVING HONAN, I HAVE BEEN BRIEFLY IN LONDON, TO KILL DR. PETRIE--

"-- THEN, AFTER **TRANSPORT** ON MY FATHER'S **AEROPLANE**, IN **NEW YORK CITY**, WHERE I SPOKE WITH MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER, BEFORE **LEAVING** THEM.

"YET NEITHER CITY HAS PREPARED ME FOR THE **PLACIDITY** OF RYE, NEW YORK. I DID NOT SUPPOSE WESTERN MEN UNDERSTOOD CALMNESS.

"AH! A TELEPHONE BOOTH.

"THE BOOK WITHIN HAS NO LISTING UNDER 'NAYLAND,' 'SMITH,' OR 'SIR.'

"THE LEDGER IS NOT KEPT CURRENT, IT SEEMS...

"... BUT CERTAINLY THE PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE KNOW THE LOCATION OF A WISE MAN IN THEIR MIDST.

"I PRONOUNCE EACH SYLLABLE CLEARLY AS I POSE MY QUESTION...

SMITH? SURE, MISTER-- I READ THE PAPERS. HE TOOK A PLACE RIGHT ON **LONG ISLAND SOUND**. LISTEN--

"DIRECTIONS FOLLOW.

"I THANK THE MAN, AND WALK BRISKLY AWAY.

CHIEF-- HE'S IN TOWN. YEAH-- ON HIS WAY.

NAH-- HE AIN'T WISE. GET READY FOR 'IM!

"WHY DO AMERICAN CONSPIRATORS WHISPER SO LOUDLY?

"SO I HAVE WALKED INTO A TRAP!

"KNOWING OF A CONSPIRACY AGAINST ME, I TAKE THE UTMOST PRECAUTIONS. I AM NOT SEEN AGAIN--

"I ENTER NAYLAND SMITH'S HOUSE AS I ENTERED DR. PETRIE'S-- PASSING THROUGH A WINDOW WITH NO MORE NOISE THAN THE MOONLIGHT.

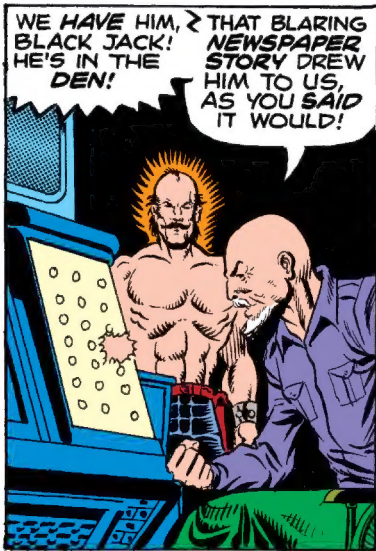
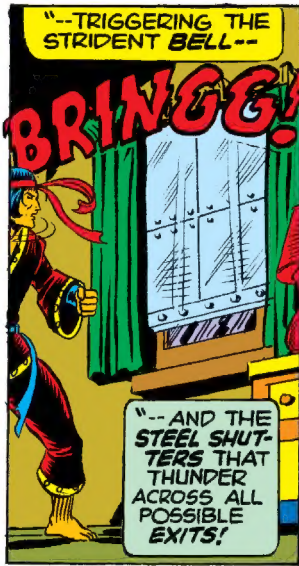
"-- EITHER BY COMPLACENT TRUCK DRIVERS OR NERVOUS GUARDS.

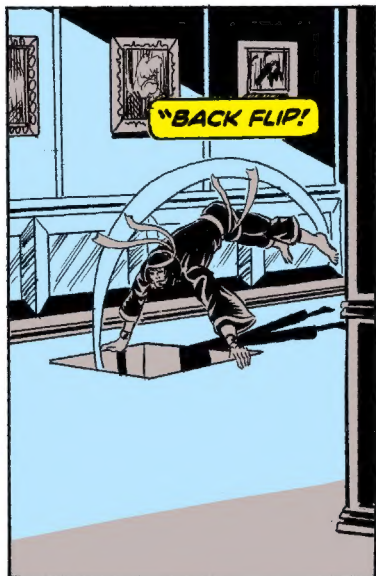
"MY EARS STRAIN FOR THE SLIGHTEST SOUND...

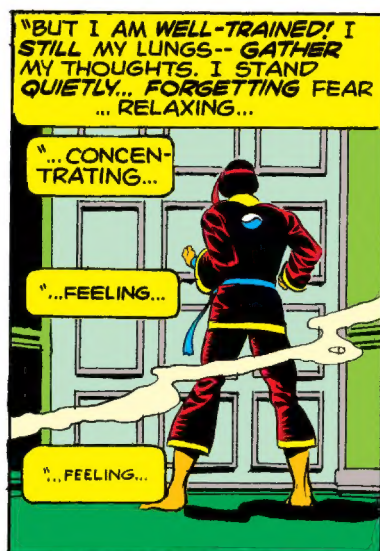


"I SEE THE CAUSE!"

"I BLOCKED AN INVISIBLE BEAM OF LIGHT--"





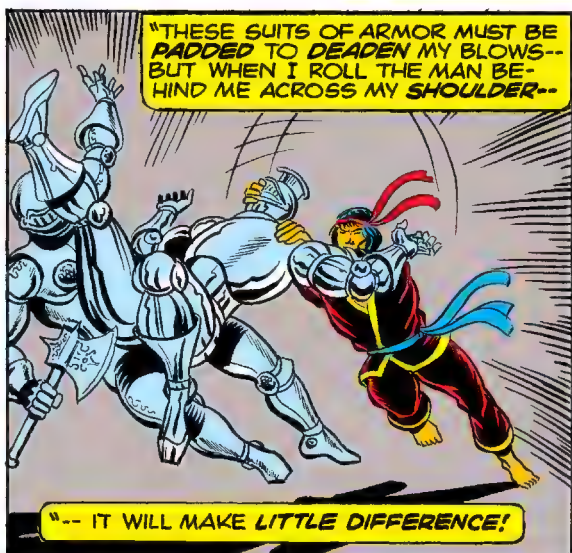
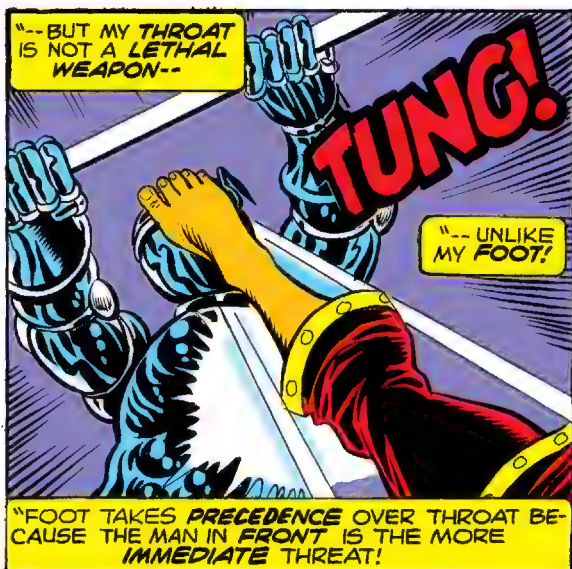


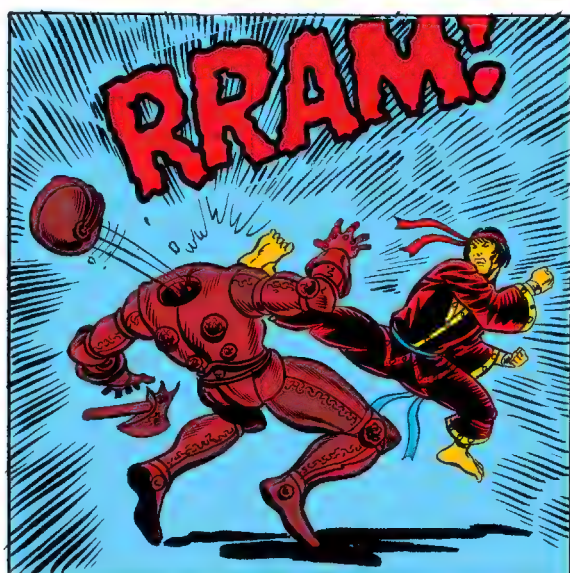
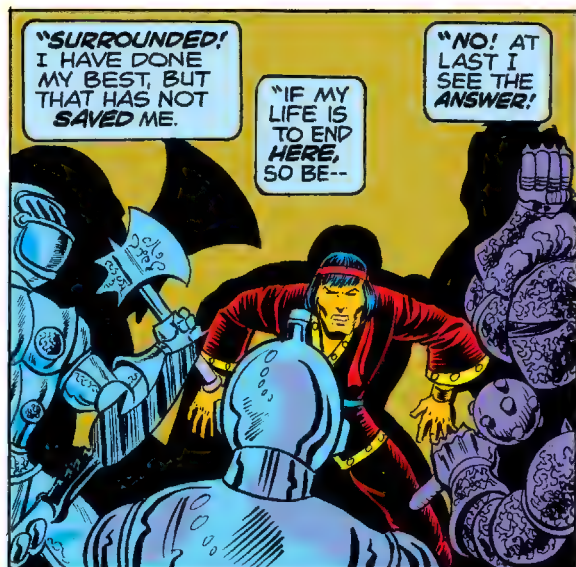
"I UNDERSTAND THAT I CAN MOVE BEFORE MY NEWEST ASSAILANT TOUCHES ME-- BUT MY INGRAINED DEFENSIVE MOVEMENT IS ARRESTED FOR A PULSEBEAT BY THE RAPID APPROACH OF THREE OTHERS--

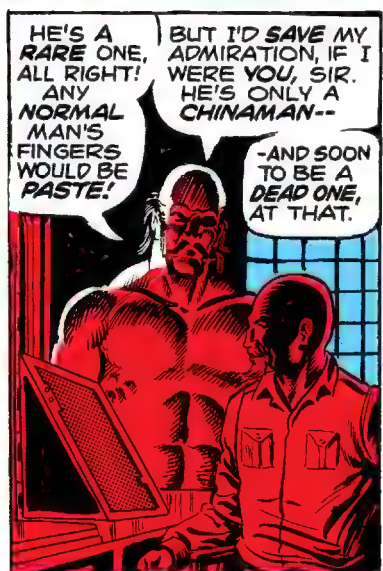
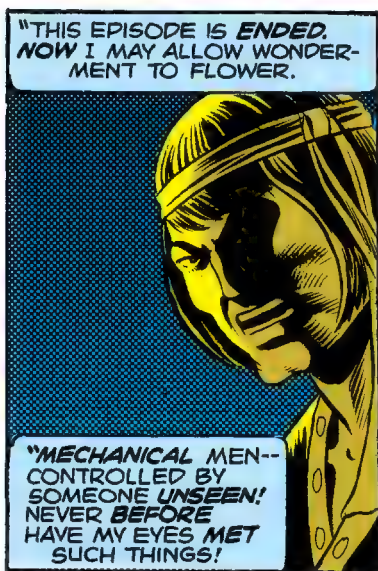
"--AND THE SUDDEN REALIZATION THAT THESE MEN WEAR AN INGENIOUS ARMOR, EFFECTIVELY DESIGNED TO PROTECT THEIR EVERY VITAL POINT!



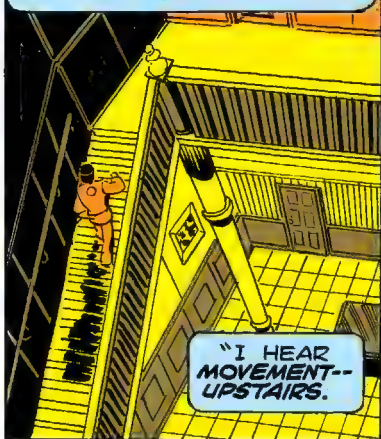
"THE SUSPENSION OF MY MOVEMENT IS FOOLISH AND NOT WITHOUT COST! BY ONE PULSEBEAT, I RECOVER MYSELF, BUT I CAN NOT AVOID THE METALLIC FOREARM THAT SWEEPS ACROSS MY THROAT--







"LIKE THE **TIGER**, NOW, I PROWL THE WILDS OF THIS HOUSE, SEARCHING **BELOW THE SURFACE** OF THINGS FOR THE WAITING **SNARE**, THE HIDDEN **FALL**."



"I HEAR MOVEMENT--UPSTAIRS."

"MOVEMENT **CEASES** BEFORE I COMPLETE MY CLIMB, YET I **KNOW** WHERE MY NEXT OPPONENT STANDS WAITING."



"RAW PHYSICAL POWER RADIATES FROM HIM."

I AM **BLACK JACK TARR**, YOU HEATHEN ASSASSIN!

I AM THE **BLOKE** WHO'LL KILL YOU!



I DO NOT COME IN **VIOLENCE**, **BLACK JACK TARR**. I COME SOLELY TO ASK **ADVICE--** OF SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH.



IN THE SAME MANNER YOU ASKED OLD **PETRIE** FOR ADVICE, I'VE NO DOUBT!



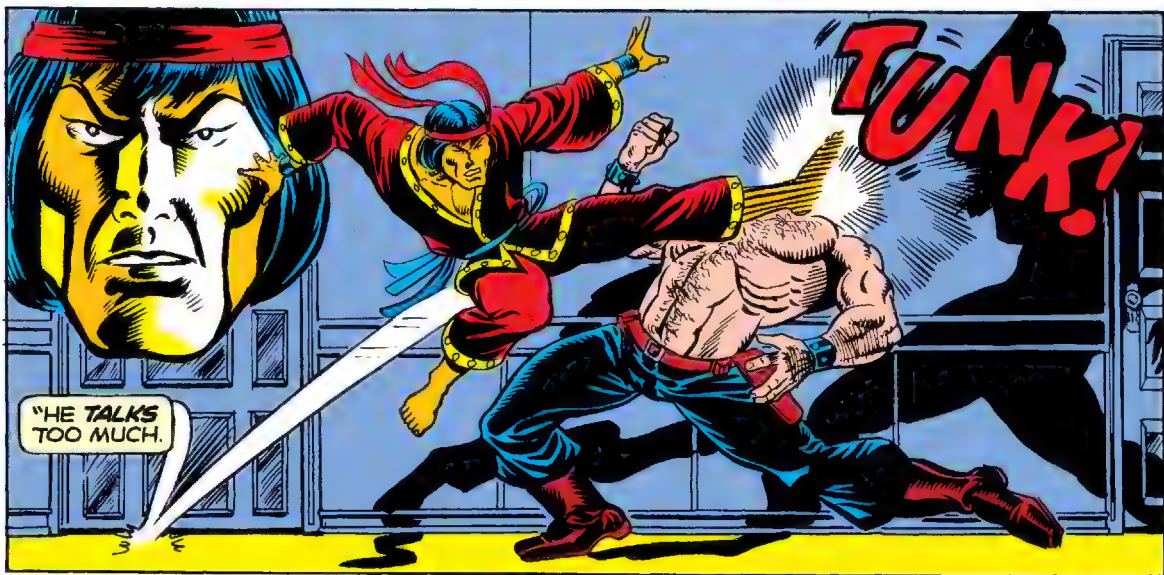
D'YOU THINK I DON'T **KNOW** YOUR CHINESE TRICKS AFTER BEING A **BRITISH AGENT** IN **HONG KONG**?

I KNOW THE WEASELY WAY YOU **THINK**, AND THE WEASELY WAY YOU **FIGHT--**

--AND I'VE NEVER COME OUT **SECOND BEST** ON EITHER COUNT!

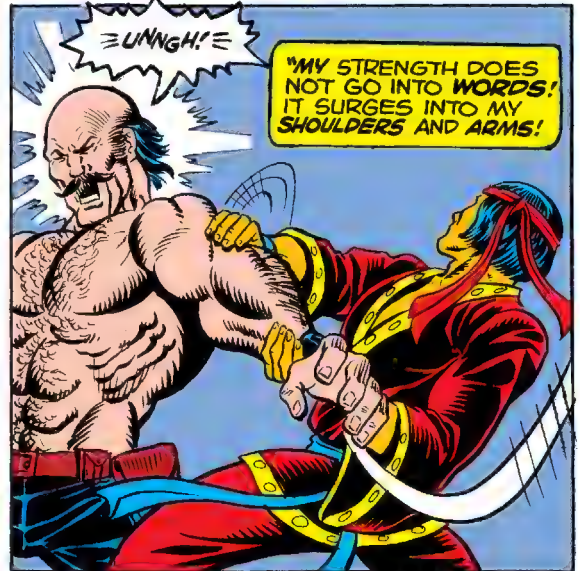
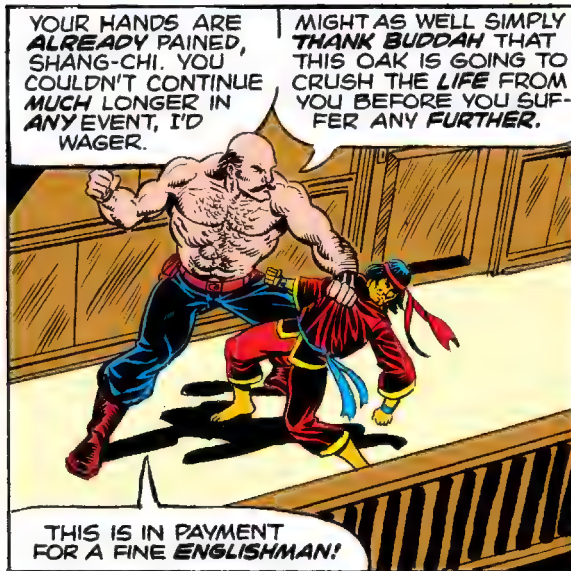
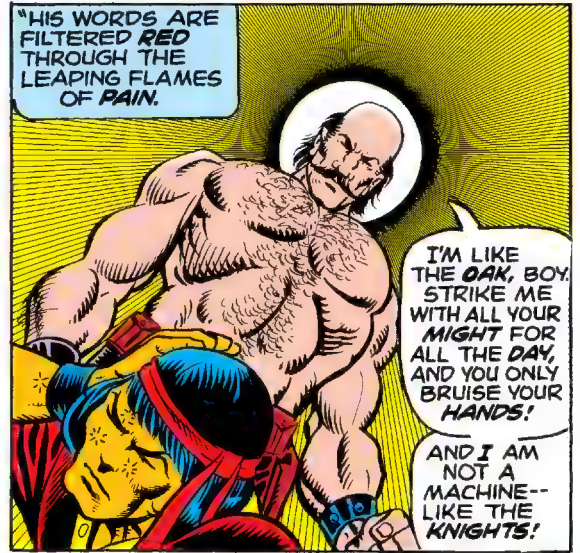
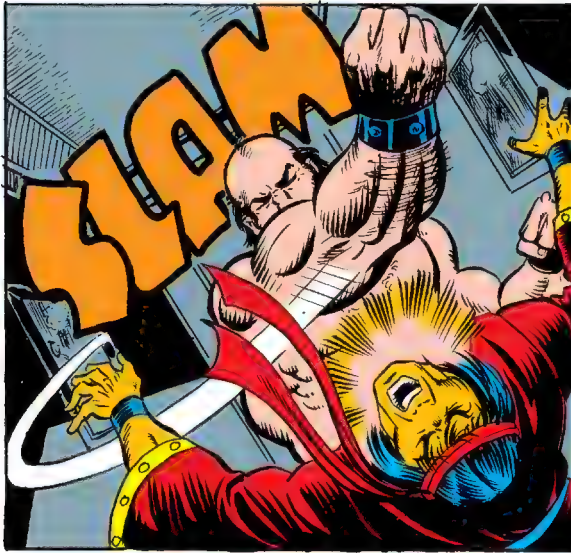
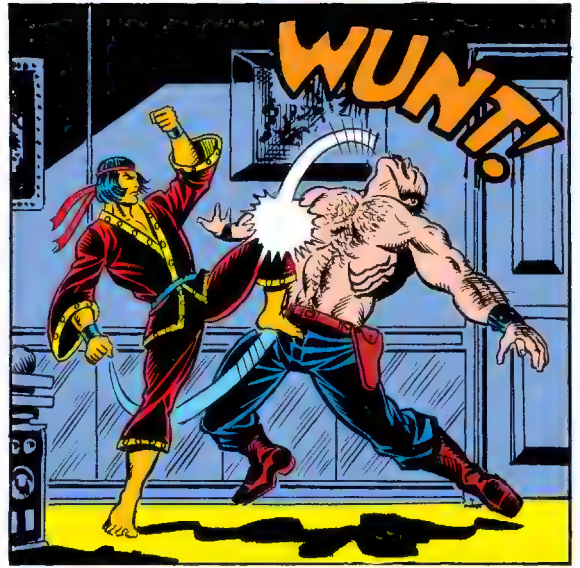


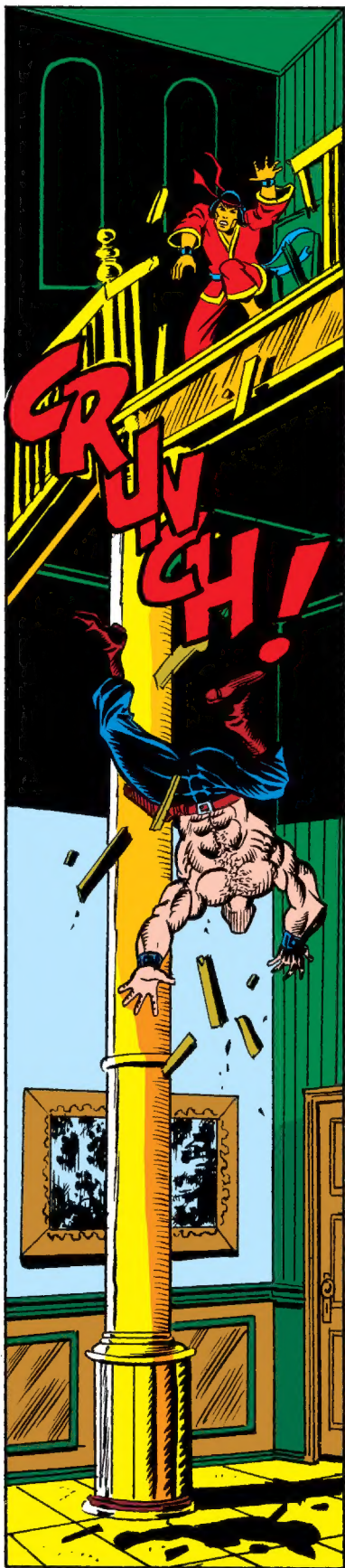
NOW, **CHINAMAN--** PREPARE FOR **DEATH!**



TUNK!

"HE TALKS TOO MUCH."





"LIKE MIDNIGHT, ANOTHER OPPONENT HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO THE GRIP OF GRAVITY--"

"BUT ONLY I SEEM TO COMPREHEND THIS--AND THAT MUST NOT BE!"



"I MUST FIND SIR DENIS! I MUST EXPLAIN!"



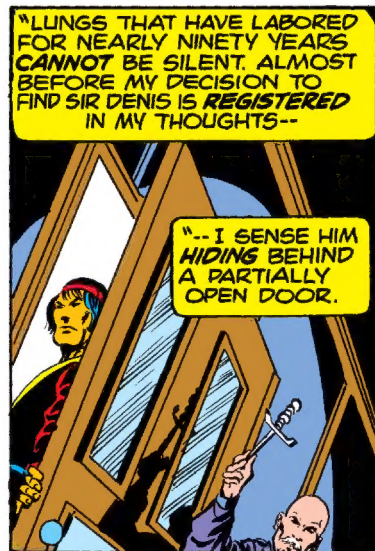
"WITHOUT QUESTION, HE IS ARMED. BUT, CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR, HE IS ALSO STATIONARY."

"PROJECTING HIS PROBABLE POSITION BEHIND THE DOOR--"



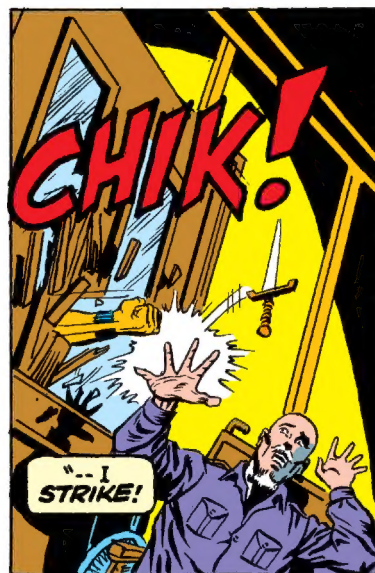
"--YET THIS ONE, AS I HOPED, HAS SURVIVED! HE IS, AS HE BOASTED, MUCH LIKE A STURDY OAK!"

"I HAVE NO DESIRE TO HURT A LIVING BEING NOW."



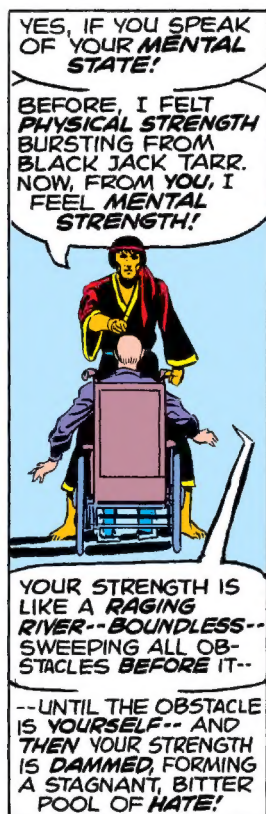
"LUNGS THAT HAVE LABORED FOR NEARLY NINETY YEARS CANNOT BE SILENT. ALMOST BEFORE MY DECISION TO FIND SIR DENIS IS REGISTERED IN MY THOUGHTS--"

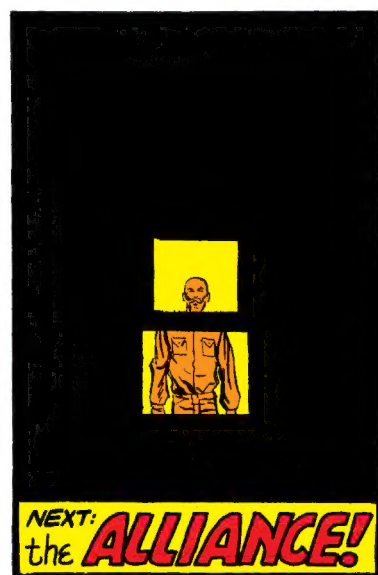
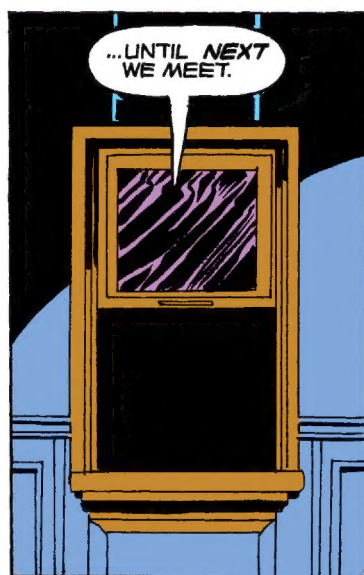
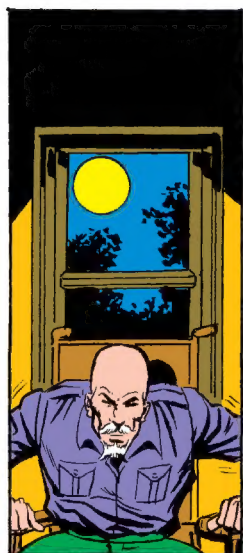
"-- I SENSE HIM HIDING BEHIND A PARTIALLY OPEN DOOR."



"CHIK!"

"-- I STRIKE!"





Shadowcat

